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HILLTOP ECHOES



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HILLTOP ECHOES

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Lenoir, N. C.



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ALTHOUGH this, the Commencement Number of "Hilltop Echoes," is not an annual, and in many ways falls far short of being what we could desire, we feel that it is a memory-book representing some of our best work, as well as many of the associations and ideals of our college life most dear to our hearts; and as such a book we lovingly dedicate it to those who, we believe, will receive it with most interest and appreciation, those whom we delight most to honor—
OUR PARENTS.

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To Davenport

(TUNE: "*Maryland, My Maryland*")

O College true, we sing thy praise,
 Davenport, our Davenport,
 And to the skies thy banners raise,
 Davenport, our Davenport!
 Be thou our guide in all our ways
 Through paths of life's bewildering maze,
 And our loyalty will live always,
 Davenport, our Davenport!

O Alma Mater, fair to view,
 Davenport, our Davenport,
 We laud thy charms of every hue,
 Davenport, our Davenport!
 Thy mountains of celestial blue
 With inspiration hold us true,
 And our hearts with Nature's power imbue,
 Davenport, our Davenport!

From thy proud station on a Hill,
 Davenport, our Davenport,
 Thy blessed mission high fulfill,
 Davenport, our Davenport!
 Our minds with joys of knowledge fill,
 Illume our darkened lives until
 Our souls with light of wisdom thrill,
 Davenport, our Davenport!

For glorious past, we sing to thee,
 Davenport, our Davenport,
 And glorious may thy future be,
 Davenport, our Davenport.
 For every beauty eye can see,
 For minds from ignorance set free,
 We deeply drink our toast to thee,
 Davenport, our Davenport!

—ANNA RENA BLAKE.

The Faculty

WILLIAM A. JENKINS, A. B., B. D., M. A.
President of College; Bible

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French

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MRS. J. E. FRENCH
Director of the Dining Room



NATHAN HUNT GWYN
Senior Class Mascot

Senior Class Officers

CLETA BLACK	<i>President</i>
THELMA STILWELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH WEBSTER	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MRS. W. A. JENKINS	<i>Sponsor</i>
MISS ANNA RENA BLAKE	<i>Adviser</i>
HUNT GWYN, JR.	<i>Mascot</i>

FLOWER: *Rose.*

COLORS: *Rose and White.*

MOTTO: *"Climb, though the rocks be rugged."*

Class Poem

NELL BINKLEY

Were we to stand among the kings
 Of countries far or near,
 Amid all glories wealth can bring
 And all that man holds dear,
 We could not feel a greater thrill—
 Abounding in wealth of that sort—
 Than we feel today on receiving
 Our diplomas from Davenport.

We've sought to do those things which claim
 Our best from year to year,
 To add a link to the Rosary Chain
 That to Davenport is so dear.
 Though it's true we cannot always soar,
 Or dream our dreams of fame,
 If we've upheld the ideals of yore,
 We have not worked in vain.

"Onward," whispers a still small voice,
 "Your work has just begun;
 It is not yours to make a choice,
 Nor tasks to seek to shun.
 If you would win, you needs must fight,
 Success will then attend you;
 If wrong you spurn, uphold the right,
 The world will then befriend you."



NELL BINKLEY

Danbury, N. C.

Student Council, '26; Glee Club, '26; President Y. W. C. A., '27; President Henry Rimrod Society, '27; Vice President Science Club, '27; Athletic Association; Class Poet.

Shining hair, big brown eyes,
Smiling lips, loving sighs,
Speak to us of Nell.
Working hard, playing fair,
Doing tasks none else would dare—
This is truly Nell.

CLETA IDELL BLACK

Charlotte, N. C.

President Class, '26, '27; Treasurer Tims, '27; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '26; Glee Club, '26; President Student Council, '27; Vice President Masquers, '27; Life Service Group.

Popular? You bet!
Dignified? Apparently so, yet when you come to know her as a friend you find that her ways are the ways of a comrade. To play with, to laugh with, to cry with, to love—always a true-blue, honest-to-goodness friend—that's Cleta.

WILLIE LEW CROWDER

Walnut Cove, N. C.

Greensboro College, '26; Tim Society; Y. W. C. A.; Basketball Team, '27; Class Statistician.

"Heart smasher"—that's Willie Lew. This is her philosophy: "Life was made for love and happiness—so I put all my troubles in the bottom of my heart and sit on the lid and smile." Come around and we'll introduce the most attractive and most graceful girl in our class. When you have met her, you'll love her—we do!

ELIZABETH VALLERIE DUKE

Norwood, N. C.

Life Service Group; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '27; Tim Society.

Vallerie is as unusual as her name. She is studious in the truest sense of the word; she says little and thinks much; she has a definite purpose in life, and is trying to serve it. As a friend she is frank, sincere, unselfish, loyal. A dearer friend cannot be found.

FLORA THERESA DULA
Lenoir, N. C.

Tim Society, Hikers' Club, Athletic Association.

Flora has won many friends at Davenport by her pleasant friendly ways. She is a studious, conscientious girl who is ever willing to give her best.

CARMEN FRYE
Boonville, N. C.

Glee Club, '26; Tim Society Marshal; Student Council, '27; Chairman Music Committee Y. W. C. A.; Life Service Leader; Writer of Class Song.

Carmen is one of our most lovable girls; in fact, a purer girl and truer friend would be hard to find. She is our most talented musician, but her achievements do not end here, for she is indeed efficient in all her work. With such ability and determination, she is sure to find success crowning her efforts. Our love goes with you, Carmen.

TREVA HEDRICK
Lenoir, N. C.

Sid Society; Science Club.

Treva is one of the most lovable girls on the Hill. Her wonderful disposition and her charming personality have won for her many friends. She is as beautiful as she is sweet, and as studious as she is beautiful.

ANNA PINES HOWELL
Ansonville, N. C.

Y. W. C. A. Chairman of Publicity; Life Service Group; Tim Society.

With her sweet disposition, winning personality and sympathetic manner, Anna is a girl one cannot help loving. Her many other good qualities have made Davenport love and respect her most highly.





AGNES KALE

Y. W. C. A.; Science Club; Athletic Association; Hikers' Club; Tim Society.

"Ag" was voted the wittiest in the senior class—and no wonder—who can stay around her five minutes without laughing at her wit? One would think at first that "Ag" is all fun and no seriousness, but all her friends find her a really serious and sincere chum.

NANCY CATHERINE KEEVER

Lewisville, N. C.

Tim Society; Secretary and Treasurer, Masquers; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Science Club; Life Service Group; Athletic Association; Student Council, '26.

"An intellect of highest worth—
A heart of purest gold."
Courage, ambition, ability, and high ideals; these speak to us of "Cat." She is in every way just the kind of girl D. C. is proud to own.

GERTRUDE BURKETT KIBLER

Morganton, N. C.

Greensboro College, '26; Class Prophet; Member Masquers; Basketball, '27; Tim Debater; Y. W. C. A.

Burkett is our class wit, but beneath her fun, and under the protection of that little raven head, is a store of good sense. She is a real girl and we all love her.

EVELYN WAGG KIBLER

Morganton, N. C.

Greensboro College, '25; Tim Society; Y. W. C. A.; Chapel Monitor.

The little girl with the black hair, grey eyes, sweet smile, and spit-curl, is Evelyn. She is dainty, lovable, ever happy, and charmingly feminine. We love her for what she is.

GWYN HUNT LENOIR

Happy Valley, N. C.

Vice President Sid Society; Business Manager of Basketball Team, '27; Science Club; Class Historian, '27; Y. W. C. A.; Hikers' Club, '26; Attendant May Fete, '26; D. D. Club.

Smiles, dimples, curls, blue eyes, plus sweetness, wit, prettiness, originality, and mental ability; all this—and more too—equals Gwyn.

KATHLEEN McCONNELL

Jefferson, N. C.

Duke University, '26; Masquers; Y. W. C. A.; Tim Society.

Looking for a type? Well, here's one for you—not frivolous nor too serious, but a mixture of democracy, sincerity and charm. She has won for herself a host of friends. Kathleen is truly an ideal girl.

MILDRED LOUISE MULLIS

Morganton, N. C.

Tim Society; Y. W. C. A.; Life Service Group; Science Club, '27.

Mildred is one of the sweetest girls on the campus. Those who have been lucky enough to gain her friendship know what a true friend she is. When one gazes into her dreamy eyes long enough one finds that they are sparkling with fun, and it is this fun that makes her the true pal that she is.

HELEN RUTH MURPH

Salisbury, N. C.

Freshman Reporter, '26; Editor-in-Chief "Hilltop Echoes;" Secretary Student Council, '27; Tim Society; Life Service Group; Y. W. C. A.; D. D. Club.

"Whatever you do, do it with your whole heart and soul." This is Helen's daily practice. She is a girl to whom honor is due, a girl with high aspirations, and one who will be content with only the best. A sincere friend she is, and made of pure gold.





COLINE POWELL

Lenoir, N. C.

Science Club; Hikers' Club; Assistant Editor, "Hilltop Echoes;" Athletic Association.

Besides knowing how to sew, cook, and keep house, Coline also knows how to make excellent grades. Her sweet, affectionate disposition has won her many friends at Davenport.

JUANITA ELIZABETH ROUSE

Cheraw, S. C.

Business Manager, "Hilltop Echoes;" Secretary Masquers, '26; "Tim" reporter, '26; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '27; Athletic Association.

"If she will, she will: but if she won't, she won't."

"Nita" is one whom you desire to look at the second time. Indifference is hers, yet her mysterious power of attraction may be somewhat fathomed as she smiles at you once from her sincere blue eyes. Witty, charming, frank, versatile, individual—that's "Nita."

PANSY LEE RUTHERFORD

Candler, N. C.

Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Hikers' Club; Treasurer of Sid Society, '27.

Pansy, the most accommodating girl of our class, is a friend to all. One will have to go far to find a girl more sincere and trustworthy and yet full of life and fun. Pansy can be serious when the occasion calls for seriousness.

MARY ELIZABETH SEEHORN

Lenior, N. C.

President of the Masquers, '27; Science Club; Hikers' Club; Basketball Team, '27.

As the above offices prove, Mary is ver versatile, very accomplished, and a born leader. She cannot help succeeding in whatever work she undertakes.

JETTIE MAE SHAVER
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Secretary and Treasurer Science Club, '27; Life Service Group; Tim Society; Hikers' Club; Secretary and Treasurer, Y. W. C. A., '27; Athletic Association; D. D. Club.

With generosity, friendliness, originality, wit, courtesy and a willingness to help others, she is the truest friend and best little pal one could ever hope to find.

MAYBETH MARIE STEIDLEY
Charlotte, N. C.

Tim Debater, '26; Critic, '27; President Masquers, '26; Vice President Class, '26; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club, '26; Cheer Leader, '27; Marshall, '26; Attendant May Fete, '26; May Queen, '27; Class Lawyer.

"A pretty girl, a witty girl,
A girl so full of fun;
A brainy girl, a carefree girl,
A thousand girls in one."
"Nuff sed"—that's "Beth."

LAURA THELMA STILWELL
Charlotte, N. C.

Student Council, '26, '27; Vice President '27; Y. W. C. A.; Tim Society; Vice President Class, '27.

The most babyish in the Senior Class? Yes, but all babies are sweet. This proves that Thelma is also the sweetest in the Senior Class—and one of the sweetest girls in school. Her attractive personality and her winsome manner make her the kind of girl you can't help loving—an all-round good sport. Thelma has won a place in the hearts of D. C. girls, and will not be forgotten in years to come.

SARA LOUISE TAYLOR
Charlotte, N. C.

Tim Society; Y. W. C. A.

Sara is an admirable girl. She is neat, quiet, dignified, and sympathetic. She is not flighty or temperamental, but calm and square. In her we find a friend who is lasting.





MARY LOU THOMPSON

Lincolnton, N. C.

Tim Society; Y. W. C. A.; Hikers' Club.

Betty Jo, as she is known to most of her friends, is very frank and sincere. On all occasions she speaks her mind to the whole world, and cares not what any one may think. Full of pep and energy, she is the life of every party she is in.

ELIZABETH VAN DYKE

Gastonia, N. C.

Y. W. C. A.; Vice President, '27; Chairman Social Activities, '27; Tim Society, Vice President, '27; Glee Club, '26; Cheer Leader, '27; Masquers, '27; Marshal, '26; May Fete Herald, '26; Attendant, '27.

Cutest and best-all-around girl on the hill is "Lib." Knowing her means loving her. The best definition of sweet, and lovable is hers, and no matter how busy she is, "Lib" always finds time to bestow a smile on the rest of us.

ELIZABETH WEBSTER

Greensboro, N. C.

N. C. C. W., '25; Tim Society; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '27; Captain Basketball Team, '27.

"The girl worth while is the girl who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

"Lib" has a jolly unselfish personality—in fact, a true sunny disposition. Lib can be called the girl with a word of cheer and a smile for all.

NITA WHITE

Bogart, Georgia

Sid Society; Y. W. C. A.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market." Nita certainly is a good representative of her state, with her sunny disposition and her beauty. She is accomplished too. How could any party be a success without Nita to play the piano?

Graduation Recital

By

CARMEN E. FRYE, *Pianist*

Assisted By

MARIE LIEN, *Violinist*

And

MARGARET WEAVER, *Accompanist*

MAY 12, 1927

P R O G R A M

Prelude and Fugue in E minor.....	Bach
Sonata Pathetique Op. 13.....	Beethoven
Grave—allegro molto.	
Adagio Cantabile.	
Allegro.	
Adagio Pathetique	Godard
Rondo Capriccioso	Mendelssohn
Two Larks	Leschetizky
Witches' Dance	MacDowell
Liebesleid	Kreisler
Suite Op. 15 for two pianos.....	Arensky
Romance.	
Waltz.	

Voice Recital

By CLETA BLACK

Accompanied by MRS. R. P. YARBOROUGH

Assisted by MARGARET R. WEAVER

MAY 17, 1927

P R O G R A M

He is Good, He is Kind.....	Massenet
The Fulfilment	Mauder
Song of Thanksgiving.	
Sonata in A minor—First Movement.....	Schubert
I've Been Roaming.....	Horn
Where'er You Walk.....	Handel
The Wanderer	Schubert
A Song of India.....	Rimsky-Korsakow
It Isn't Raining Rain.....	Carey
A Necklace of Love.....	Nevin
Piece Dans Le Style Ancien	Chaminade
Big Lady Moon.....	Coleridge Taylor
A Dutch Lullaby.....	Spross
Mammy's Song	Brown

Class Song

CARMEN FRYE

We are now at the close of our Davenport days,
But our lips will sing always her glorious praise.
From her beauty and state we have gained consolation;
We shall never forget the old "Hill's" inspiration.

CHORUS

Davenport, O College ours,
We love you now and ever
We'll keep our faith and be true to you—
Our hearts from you ne'er sever.

Altho' as a class we are parting from thee,
Our days here together at dear old D. C.
Have been spent in true happiness, joy and delight,
All because we have striven to make day out of night.

Tho' we're going, dear classmates, we part with a smile,
And we'll always stand faithful howe'er long the mile.
O friends of our college days—best friends of all—
May we ever be ready to answer our call.

Now we bid you farewell, our first college days;
We shall see throughout life the bright glow of your rays.
Between us there'll never be shadows of gloom,
O college of ours, where the fair roses bloom.

Ye Olde Historie

GWYN LENOIR

Befel that in the autumn of the year 1925 there met together in ye olde scole of Davenport a goodly array of pilgrims prepared to set out on a strenuous pilgrimage for to seke a great reward; namely, a diploma.

Anon they chose for their leader the ful seemly palmer, Cleta Black, for it was a rough journey, through unknown lands, that they were to make, and this trusty pilgrim seemed in all manner made for their captain.

Forthwith this host of worthy and eager pilgrims began to wende their way to that state of bliss in which you shall ful soon perceive them. Unconscious were they of the perilous way afore them, but ere many a fortnight befel them they found themselves sore tried, as adoun the rocky cliff of Solid Geometry they wended their rough way. For in the dark caves thereof dwelt unseemly and misshapen beasts—truncated prisms, pyramids, and cubes—who awaited a chance to overcome them. And ever and anon as they maken their way through the dense forests of European History, were they sorely affronted by tribes of uncouth Visigoths and Huns, whom these warlike maidens could but with difficulty quell. Yet, through all these dangers, only four pilgrims—Greenwood, Brawley, McBurney, and Pulliam—departed from this goodly assemblage for to seke other rewards.

Eftsoons their merrie band was joined by three more hearty palmers—Cline, Giles, and Steele—who journeyed in their company half a year.

For three short moons they sojourned by the wayside, during the summer of 1926, and that autumn gan again the search. The journey now looked brighter to them for namore should they be dubbed “freshies,” but henceforth should be hailed as “sophs,” or mayhaps, by their behest, as “seniors,” with all the privileges thereof. For such did they aspire.

The whole host was saddened greatly by the absence of some of its most loved companions who had helped to make the pilgrimage merrie for them. These companions of the previous year were Kirksey, Foster, Giles, Jennings, Lostetter, Martin, Barber, Russell, Sims, Steele, and Taylor.

’Twas at this time that their goodly crew was joined in all its privileged glory by several hale and hearty newcomers on the same quest as they. They had the pleasure of welcoming palmers Crowder, Farthing, Webster, White, Bradshaw, and Kiblers two.

Palmer Black, having proven a most worthy guide for their wandering footsteps, and never having failed to lead them aright, was chosen to command

again during the second year of their journey.

Ful many of these brave travelers won for themselves honored names along the way because of their courage and wit. Pilgrim Binkley as president of the Y. W. C. A., which is a most goodly organization in every troupe of pilgrims setting out from ye olde scole of Davenport, deserves the highest of mention for proving herself worthy of that fair title. Pilgrim Murph no less deserves worthy mention for her hard labor in spreading afar the news of our exploits by being editor of “Hilltop Echoes.” And that brave knight Webster, who fought so courageously in the fierce tournaments of basketball, held the high title of Captain right nobly. Ful many others of their worthy sisteren have lent a hand in winning fame for their troupe, but these we deem of most import.

But ere thou thinkest their way hast been all bushy, thornes and grievous aches, me thinketh ’twould be far best to sing forthwith of the happie joys which befel them on their eager way, for much time they spent in joyous song, musick, and laughter; and each fair pilgrim told gay tales to make lightsome the hearts of the others.

One torment they could scarce withstand was wiped away and, with it, many aches and tears and sleepless nights. This woe was called “three hour exams.” Namore will they endure such plagues. This viperous and three-headed monster was slain most gloriously by the united strength of every band of pilgrims of the scole headed by their brave overseer, Jenkins. From thence they have journeyed on, right joyous of their lot.

As all was going well, they were again most blessed in the enlargement of their weary company by McConnell, Goode, and Bond, all brave and noble pilgrims.

Befel that on a bright evening each and all of this worthy host, by their own agreement and consent, dined with much pomp and splendor at ye goode olde inne—Carlheim. A more joyous merrie company never had entered the doors thereof before.

As ’twould by far take too much of time and space to make mention of all their joys, I would foreclose withouten any longer tarrying.

Thou seest them here at this goodly assemblage in dignified array, at the very journey’s end and in seeming gayety, but know ye that henceforth in their hearts will be writ deep the hardships they have long endured together, and the pleasures each and all have shared during their pilgrimage. And eremore will they more bravely face their pilgrimages because of their perilous yet joyful journey which has forthwith come to its close.

Ye Classe Prophecie

BURKETT KIBLER

It befel that on a day in ye enchanted forest in ye lond of dreams-come-true sate that greatest Queen of Faerie Lond.

"Oh queen, but one boon this feble wight would seke."

"Speke thy boon!"

"Sithen no boon has been by ye granted all during these six days of ye solemn feudal festival, be-thoughth mesel to seke onto ye not too ferne future for to have the destiny of the classe of '27 to bee revealed."

"Yea, but," quod she, "after what scole woulde ye learne?"

"After ye scole of Davenport atta Lenoir."

"Eftsoons, thine eyen shall behold everichon. Be well aware that adoun ye halle of to-morwe to ye weye of the future, ye must have need of a gide. Thereto my curious damoyselle, a knight, shall riden out with ye without any longer taryinge. Through the 'Forest of Decades' to the lond of 'yet-to-be' shall ye wende thy weye.

"Hardily, the language of ye 'ultra-moderns' will be nay understood. A book I give, enclosed all about with bindinges of golde, callede in effect 'Ye Booke of Knowledge'."

"O benigne Queen, I bow befores thy worthy judgment."

"Thinke of that nothings sithen as it is a righte olde Spenserian custome," quod Gloriana.

A-morwe, whan that day bigun to spring, up roose the gide and forth we riden on our weye.

As we emerged from the density of the "Forest of Decades," a blinding light shone brilliantly around us.

"What . . ."

"I say—the light of the future is breaking forth," said my companion.

The light became brighter and more penetrating. My ambling nag became frightened—no less did I. Dazed, I looked around and behind me.

"'Lo there, old fogey! I say, don't get conceited and think you look like Spenser's 'Una'—although there is a resemblance—the knight 'n everything.

"My chee-ild!" (Horried I viewed the child of three years who had thus addressed me), "who *are* you?"

"I'm one of the orphans."

"Orphans?"

My guide interrupted, "We are now entering the city of Port Lenoir, the Model Community, established in 1930 by Misses Vallerie Duke and Anna Pines Howell. The class of '27 of Davenport College of Lenoir, N. C., approved the plans laid out by two of its members; and with the exception of one member, yourself, they have together made

Port Lenoir world famous."

I gasped in astonishment.

The guide went on: "One of the important features of the community is its lack of government. There are no rules, no regulations, no laws. Misses Duke and Howell say this is due primarily to their aversion to the petty rules which they were compelled to keep while at Davenport."

"I want an Etheopean Infant," said the "orphan."

"A what?"

"A chocolate doll." Then growing impatient, the little fellow said, "I say, I want five cents' worth of 'nigger babies'."

"Do get the child some candy," I entreated our guide.

"The child shall be provided with candy from the K. K. Shop." Then the guide called, "Taxi!"

Immediately a monstrous, yellow butterfly drew up to the curb. "This is the new aero-auto, invented in 1931 by Miss Kathleen McConnell. By the aid of the wings, the long torpedo-like automobile is enabled to fly in the air. This necessitates the broadness of the streets, which I am sure you have noticed. These multi-colored birds fleck the sky and swarm the streets."

The guide, the child, and I—leaving our nags to find their way home alone—stepped into the aero-auto, and drove toward the main thoroughfare.

"On the left," the guide informed me, "is the estate of the wealthiest man in Port Lenoir—Mr. Ballard Lenoir, who married one of your classmates, Elizabeth Webster. When the community was established, Ballard followed Elizabeth here. He made his money by reviving one of the old songs that the boys sang when they serenaded the girls at the college back in North Carolina—'How I Love My Mabel, Pretty Mabel.' His latest song hits are 'Fourteen Pieces of Cake,' and 'Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Mo.'"

"On the right," he continued, scarce giving me time to speak, "is the church in which they were married. Theirs was the first wedding ceremony to be solemnized in the new community. And by the way, Catherine Keever is pastor of the church, and it was she who joined the two in holy matrimony. Catherine is a very forceful speaker—the same old Cat, except that now she practices what she preaches.

"The house across the way belongs to Thelma Stilwell, who has won fame as an author. Her best-known work is 'How to Catch a Man and Hold Him,' which appeared without the author's name. Thelma is married, but the name of her spouse is not yet given to me."

"But," I asked, "where is Sara Taylor? You know she and Thelma were roommates."

"I was just going to tell you—you know Sara was sworn into the Man-Hater's Club in 1927, but now she is married, and also has a career. She has established a home for homeless children, which is a *howling* success. This little three-year-old tot is one of her charges."

"That sign—'White and Tate, Incorporated'—what is it?"

"Oh, you know Nita White has an Eye-opener Factory. The latest fad is to shade the eyes the same color as the dress or suit. Nobody is ever seen nowadays with blue, brown, or black eyes. The color changes with the costume. Nita got her start with a lip-stick factory. When she was packing her 'duds' preparatory to leaving Davenport in '27 she found that her lip-sticks were so numerous that it was impossible to ship them to Georgia. Accordingly, she started the 'White Lip-stick Factory.' With her marriage the factory became 'White and Tate, Inc.'—Manufacturers of Eye-sticks."

I gasped. "Imagine Nita a business woman!"

"Oh, lots of those flippant class mates of yours are business women. Helen Murph is editor of the 'Port Lenoir Gazette,' issued twice daily. The paper has a very wide circulation, which fact may be due, in part, to the original cartoons contributed by Willie Lew Crowder, who has taken the place once held by Bud Fisher and Geo. McManus."

"Lib Van Dyke, her roomy, has a career too. She has taken the honored place of Gloria Swanson in the movies; her husband, Mr. Wilson, is her director."

"On the hill across the way is Davenette College, established a few years ago by Betty Jo Thompson. She is a second Miss Brown. There are about eighty boarding students and twenty-five town students. Betty Jo has made an excellent success, and enjoys to the nth degree her position of authority."

"Oh yes! and Agnes Kale is a multi-million-aire!"

"I have ceased to be surprised," I exclaimed. "But beware of these get-rich-quick schemes."

"No, really she is English prof up at Davenette College."

"But how," I questioned, "did she get so much money? Rich relations?"

"No, she revived that Spenserian stanza bunk you studied at Davenport in 1927. Neat little fortune!"

"Maybeth Stiedley and Juanita Rouse are official organizers of revolutions for the college students against the faculty. They are very successful in their work."

Jettie Shaver is the proprietor of the lingerie shop across the street," went on the guide. "The name of the worthy establishment is 'The Shaver Silk Shop for Every Shape'."

"But," I interrupted, "where is Gwyn? She and Jettie had this desperate crush."

"Gwyn Lenoir is famous! After her part as a mandolin player in the Senior Class Play, she became interested in music and succeeded in perfecting the bicycle-harpette—an instrument similar to the harp. This is not strange, since she was once chief-tooter!"

"Speaking of horns—that reminds me that Mary Seehorn has become a tennis champ. You know well she played back at school. At present she holds the world championship. Helen Wills is completely eclipsed."

"Treva Hedrick, another Lenoir girl, also became interested in athletics; so it seems, since she became a Leeper."

"Mildred Mullis and Carmen Frye are the marvelous musicians we hoped they would be. Carmen has finished her studies and is now touring the United States. Mildred is completing her musical education on the continent. We are expecting great things of her too."

"Mlle. Cleta Black, a metropolitan opera singer, will make her first appearance on the concert stage of France on October 6, 1938. Mademoiselle Black is the favorite dramatic contralto of today. She has sung in many parts of the old world, and America is at her feet!"

"Here we are at the Kandy Kitchen. Let's get the enfant his sweets;" I actually got in a few words.

"This shop," resumed the guide, "belongs to Nell Binkley. She showed a marked aptitude for investing new candies and sweets in Mrs. Kraft's classes. She has a chain of candy shops, but the Binkley headquarters are in Port Lenoir."

We alighted from the aero-auto, and were entering the store when I stepped aside to let some girls pass. Who could they be but Flora Dula and Coline Powell. I learned that Flora had become a distinguished artist. She had just signed a contract to paint the portrait of the Prince of Wales. Coline has been serving as her model, and will resume her posing when Flora returns from England."

"But Coline," I asked, "wasn't there another member of our class? I seem vaguely to remember having a lot of scraps with someone."

"Oh!" she announced, "you surely must be speaking of your sister, Evelyn."

"Of course it is Evelyn. But when is she?"

"Why," laughed Coline, "Evelyn is the damsel disguised as a knight or guide who has conducted you to Port Lenoir."

Who's What in the Senior Class

<i>Prettiest</i>	Elizabeth Webster
<i>Cutest</i>	Lib Van Dyke
<i>Most Attractive</i>	Willie Lew Crowder
<i>Sweetest</i>	Thelma Stilwell
<i>Most Popular</i>	Cleta Black
<i>Best All-Round</i>	Lib Van Dyke
<i>Most Sincere</i>	Vallerie Duke
<i>Most Charming</i>	Evelyn Kibler
<i>Most Graceful</i>	Willie Lew Crowder
<i>Most Stylish</i>	Cleta Black
<i>Most Athletic</i>	Gwyn Lenoir
<i>Most Versatile</i>	Helen Murph
<i>Quietest</i>	Anna Pines Howell
<i>Most Talented</i>	Carmen Frye
<i>Most Intellectual</i>	Mary Seehorn
<i>Most Studious</i>	Coline Powell
<i>Most Dignified</i>	Cleta Black
<i>Most Original</i>	Burkett Kibler
<i>Wittiest</i>	Agnes Kale
<i>Most Dramatic</i>	Maybeth Steidley
<i>Most Indifferent</i>	Juanita Rouse
<i>Class Flapper</i>	Burkett Kibler
<i>Most Democratic</i>	Kathleen McConnell
<i>Most Sarcastic</i>	Mary Lou Thompson
<i>Most Unconcerned</i>	Treva Hedrick
<i>Laziest</i>	Nita White
<i>Most Conscientious</i>	Flora Dula
<i>Most Obliging</i>	Pansy Rutherford
<i>Most Reserved</i>	Mildred Mullis
<i>Most Inquisitive</i>	Sara Taylor
<i>Most Carefree</i>	Jettie Shaver
<i>Friendliest</i>	Nell Binkley
<i>Biggest Baby</i>	Thelma Stilwell
<i>Biggest Giggler</i>	Evelyn Kibler
<i>Biggest Crusher</i>	Catherine Keever

Freshman Class



OFFICERS

President, MARIE TERRELL

Vice President, EUNICE QUERY

Secretary and Treasurer, BLANCHE BLANTON

Freshman Class Roll

Catherine Louise Atwell.....	Davidson, N. C.
Blanche Blanton.....	Lincolnton, N. C.
Virginia Pearl Bond.....	Morganton, N. C.
Clarice Margaret Bowman.....	Mt. Airy, N. C.
Bess Craig Crump.....	Norwood, N. C.
Virginia Agnes Duke.....	Norwood, N. C.
Rachel Godfrey.....	Waxhaw, N. C.
Alma Lucile Goode.....	Moorestown, N. C.
Gertrude Lee Goode.....	Moorestown, N. C.
Lelia Mae Goode.....	Moorestown, N. C.
Lena Caroline Greene.....	Hartsville, S. C.
Esther Lois Hastings.....	Kernersville, N. C.
Frances Ruth Huneycutt.....	Greensboro, N. C.
Sarah Elizabeth Hunt.....	Pineville, N. C.
Mary Lee Hunt.....	Pineville, N. C.
Mary Perkins Kent.....	Lenoir, N. C.
Frances Janet Kraft.....	Lenoir, N. C.
Lucille Martin.....	Danbury, N. C.
Kathleen McConnell.....	Jefferson, N. C.
Elizabeth Atherton McGimsey.....	Nebo, N. C.
Lazelle Mitchell.....	Ansonville, N. C.
Ora Sarah Moody.....	Badin, N. C.
Rebekah Marie Phillips.....	Newton, N. C.
Edna Powell.....	Lenoir, N. C.
Emma Powell.....	Lenoir, N. C.
Mary Eunice Query.....	Hudson, N. C.
Mabel Richardson.....	Seagrove, N. C.
Helen Catherine Saunders.....	Chester, N. C.
Roberta Caroline Sigman.....	Newton, N. C.
Georgia Washington Sherrill.....	Newton, N. C.
Agnes Smith.....	Albemarle, N. C.
Marguerite Sudderth.....	Lenoir, N. C.
Jo Hines Swanson.....	Pilot Mountain, N. C.
Marie Terrell.....	Mt. Ulla, N. C.
Verna Mary Underwood.....	Mount Holly, N. C.
Ruth Watts.....	Lenoir, N. C.
Irene Frances Wright.....	Rural Hall, N. C.
Vera Yount.....	Granite Falls, N. C.

High School Seniors

OFFICERS

RACHEL HICKMAN, *President* JEAN COLE, *Vice President*
BEUNA AVERY, *Secretary-Treasurer* MISS MARY WOOD WOLFE, *Sponsor*

FLOWER: *Cream Rose.*

COLORS: *Pink and White.*

MOTTO: *"Excelsior."*

Class Poem

WILLIE WASHAM.

Our class has come from near and far;
We've toiled with many a hope and fear,
But most of all we'll cherish ever
The lasting friendships to us dear.

We view the years—the four short years,
So filled with pleasure and with pain—
Which held so many hopes and joys,
And now we live them o'er again.

The end has come, the mists now fall,
Our ship has sailed into the port;
But in our hearts shall ever dwell
Fond thoughts of you, dear Davenport.



BEUNA VISTA AVERY
Spartanburg, S. C.

"Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

VIRGINIA STUART BEALL
Lenoir, N. C.

"Just a little girl with eyes of blue
Who will always be true to you."

LENA CATHERINE BROWN
Lenoir, N. C.

"True-hearted, whole-hearted,
Faithful, and true."

JEAN McCLINTOCK COLE
Charlotte, N. C.

"The sweetest, the dearest, the most lovable too;
Best kind of a sport, a pal true blue."

MARY BERTHA CORDELL
Concord, N. C.

"The truest, kindest, noblest-hearted girl."

ALICE JOSEPHINE DICKINSON
Asheville, N. C.

"She is true and sweet, and one is happy to be near her."

EMMA DOBBIN
Legerwood, N. C.

"'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true."

MARY LOUISE FOSTER
Salisbury, N. C.

"Rare mixture is she of frolic and fun,
Always laughing at a joke, rejoicing in a pun."

MARY GWYN HICKERSON
Lenoir, N. C.

"Her sunshine hair and eyes of blue,
Clothe a nature loyal and true."

RACHEL REBECCA HICKMAN
Hudson, N. C.

"She is jolly, good-natured, and true,
And her share she is willing to do."

DORIS MAE HUNT
Kings Creek, N. C.

"Her happy disposition, her pleasant smile,
Have won her friends for many a mile."

SARA LOUISE RABB
Lenoir, N. C.

"So true, so sweet she is
That one and all are happy to be near her."





DOROTHY LINDSAY SELF
Lenoir, N. C.

"She's petite, witty, and pretty too,
And we wouldn't swap her for fifty like you."

MAMIE LEE TEAGUE
Lenoir, N. C.

"To know her is to love her."

WILLIE DOLORES WASHAM
Cornelius, N. C.

"Here's to a girl with a heart and a smile,
Who makes the bubbles of life worth while."

MARGARET ROGERS WEAVER
Mt. Ulla, N. C.

"With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course."

RUTH HAMPTON WOLFF
Rural Hall, N. C.

"Fair as a lily, gentle and kind,
Stylish and neat, and always divine."

Prophecy

It was dark and foggy outside; large clouds hid the sky; everything seemed very still and quiet. There was something that kept pushing itself into my clouded brain, but what? It was something that I wanted to know, but I could not even bring that out of my depressed mind.

I decided to walk through the wet woods and try to drive away the maddening feeling that enveloped my whole being. I walked out into the semi-darkness, out through the still darker woods, thinking, thinking of my future, my present and my past. My past! My good old days at Davenport! Then I knew what that persistent thought was: I wanted to know what all my classmates at "Old D. C." were doing. I could think of no way to find out however, so I walked on farther into the dense woods. Suddenly everything turned entirely dark—I could see nothing. I stopped, unable to move. For several minutes everything was as still as death; not a sound; not the flutter of a leaf. Then all at once a breeze blew against me, and a small spot of light appeared just in front of me. I stood staring; a figure had stepped into the light. What could it be? I thought of "Macbeth;" could it be one of those dreadful witches that had caused the hero's downfall? I had lost control of myself—something else had power over me.

"Follow me, and you shall hear about your friends you have been thinking of," cried this queer looking creature.

We moved forward. I could not stop. After we had walked a few yards we came to a dark cave. Bats were flying everywhere; small creepy things were crawling all around. I could see and hear—that was all. Another form came out. The first one moved behind a pot that was over a fire, and said: "Tell me what you want to know before the fire goes out."

I heard myself saying to her, "I want to know what each member of the Davenport preparatory department of 1927 is doing."

The second witch stirred the contents of the pot; a cloud of steam arose, and out of that cloud a voice came. At first it was a murmur; then clearly it spoke:

"After several years of much toil, Beuna Avery has become a prominent business woman on Wall

Street.

"Jean Cole is now living in Washington City, and is a leader in the exclusive social circles as the wife of the senator from North Carolina.

"Emma Dobbin is in Alaska with her sister, but she is going to fall in love soon and will then live in the Northern part of California.

"Mary Bertha Cordell has been the leader of Social Service work in New York for several years.

"Virginia Beall is now living addressed as 'Mrs. Prince of Wales,' because a year ago she married the Prince himself. The event was a shock to her friends.

"Lena Brown is a domestic science teacher at Meredith College.

"Dorothy Self has won a name for herself as an actress on Broadway.

"Mamie Teague is teaching art at Davenport College.

"Doris Hunt has bloomed out into the most frivolous society belle of the class of '27.

"Margaret Weaver is the 'Chaminade' of America.

"The first of the class to wear a wedding ring is Rachel Hickman.

"Alice Dickinson has attracted much attention as the most graceful toe dancer in the Ziegfield Follies.

"The gentle spirit of Ruth Wolff has made for her many friends, among whom was an elderly lady who left her an immense fortune.

"Bill Washam is now an advertising agent for chewing gum.

"Louise Rabb has been drawing the covers for 'The House Beautiful,' 'House and Garden,' and many other magazines, for several years.

"Louise Foster's ambition was to be cashier in a drug store. At last this has been realized. Six months ago she secured the place in Marley's Drug Store. Recently, much to her joy, both she and Marley's fell into the hands of Earl Tate."

The fire was growing low, but there was one other that had not been named. The queer figure standing behind the pot slowly disappeared, but the other figure said, "Mary Gwyn Hickerson has become resigned to the fate of being an old maid."

MARY GWYN HICKERSON,
BEUNA AVERY.

Last Will and Testament

State of North Carolina,
County of Caldwell.
City of Lenoir—Precinct of Jenkins.

JEAN MCCOLE, *Struggler-at-Law*

We, the sophisticated Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-seven of Davenport Fitting School, being present in body, but absent in mind, are fully aware of the fact that we must soon pass out. Therefore, we do establish, ordain, and enact this, our first, last, and only will and testament.

ARTICLE I.

In the fervent desire to give the Student Council a job, we do hereby appoint them sole executors of this will.

ARTICLE II.

To Miss Dorothy Rethlingshafer, we joyfully leave all our grades, with the request that she keep them hidden in the desk office file. (May they never come to light!)

ARTICLE III.

To the Junior Class we bequeath all Senior privi-

leges, with the hope that they will be able to discover them. (We weren't.)

INDIVIDUAL BEQUESTS

- 1—Mary Gwyn Hickerson wills to Dorothy Lenoir—her beauty.
- 2—Alice Dickenson leaves to Adelaide Weaver—her graceful dancing.
- 3—Emma Dobbin gladly wills to Clarice Vance her gift of giggling.
- 4—Beuna Avery leaves her knowledge and ability to study to Kathryn Sherrill.
- 5—Dorothy Self wills her cuteness to Georgia Dale.
- 6—Virginia Beall leaves to Ruth Swofford her attractiveness.
- 7—Rachael Hickman leaves to Mary Goodman her athletic prowess.
- 8—Ruth Wolff wills her ability to dress well to the person who deserves it most.
- 9—Doris Hunt, Lena Brown, Louise Rabb, and the remainder of the Senior Class leave their various gifts, wise and otherwise, to the people who are lucky enough to find them.

THE SENIOR CLASS, *Per Jean Cole.*

WITNESSES: Louise Foster—Mary Bertha Cordell.

High School Department



Roll

SENIORS:

Beuna Avery
 Virginia Beall
 Lena Brown
 Jean Cole
 Mary Bertha Cordell
 Alice Dickinson
 Emma Dobbin
 Louise Foster
 Mary Gwyn Hickerson
 Rachel Hickman
 Doris Hunt
 Louise Rabb
 Dorothy Self
 Mamie Teague
 Willie Washam
 Margaret Weaver
 Ruth Wolff

JUNIORS:

Isabel Bernhardt
 Alice Dickinson
 Mary Goodman
 Theresa Hackney
 Louise Hanes
 Dorothy Lenoir
 Helen Rierson
 Ruth Swofford

SOPHOMORES:

Kathryn Sherrill
 Georgia Dale
 Clarice Vance

FRESHMAN:

Adelaide Weaver

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Why?

BLANCHE BLANTON

"What's the use in all this toiling?"
Sometimes sadly I inquire.
"What's the purpose in this toiling—
Often failing, and succeeding
Only when we nothing shirk—
When the only end impending
Is the grave?"

Why not with the crowd go drifting,
Never striving, never caring
Save for pleasure's easy life?
Why not say, 'My days are fleeting,
I'll enjoy life while I may,'
And go carelessly unheeding,
To the end?"

Thus I ask, but ever ringing
In my heart a voice, persisting,
Ceases not with hope to say:
"For those only whose existing
Holds no aim but mundane pleasure
The one joyless end impending
Is the grave."

Out of the Dismal Swamp

MARY SEEHORN AND GWYN LENOIR

Irvin Binglow stirred the coals in his campfire with a hand which was none too steady. Why did he have such an uncanny feeling tonight? He did not know. Somehow he was prone to think of far-off things, of happenings that he had thought were forgotten. Why did this trail to the Dismal Swamp cause him to feel so queer? Other people had been there before. There was, in truth, nothing for him to fear. No wild animals were known to inhabit the swamp; and besides, his pistols and shotgun were lying within arm's reach. But despite all these thoughts, the unnatural feeling remained.

When he had finished his scant meal, he sat down to meditate before going farther into the swamp. Although he was extremely anxious to look for a certain unknown fungus growing in this swamp, he wanted to think for a while before returning into the depths. Besides, he would hardly be able to find the plant before morning.

Irvin seemed to be haunted by some memory. He could not exactly tell what it was. Suddenly, in the midst of his thinking, he seemed to discern, amid the smoke coming from the fire, a face which was strangely familiar. He clasped his pipe closely, and for a moment forgot to puff it. What could it mean? Lo, it was the face of his brother whom he had not seen for ten years, whom he had almost forgotten in his deep search for the unknown fungus.

"Will!" he whispered hoarsely, and started up from the log upon which he had been sitting.

But no, it was only a fantasy, for the face disappeared.

"So he was the one I was troubled about tonight," he mused. "I could not make out the reason for my disturbance. Why should I think of Will? He means nothing to me—any more."

Immediately he sank again into a deep study. This time he was indeed troubled. He went over again in his mind that last scene with his brother, Will, who was the older by five years. He had had some money. Irvin, a very promising biologist in college, had needed money to go on an expedition in search of certain plants. Will, who was a prominent historian, was not interested in his brother's work, and seeing no use in this "wild goose chase of Irvin's," had refused him the desired aid. Irvin immediately left Will, and that was the last he had seen of him for ten years. How well he remembered that last night with Will! How he had stormed and argued with him! But both were very stubborn. Ever since he had left, Irvin had been in search of the fungus. He had been too much engrossed in his work to think of Will. He could

not understand why this thought should haunt him now; yet he had seen his face in the smoke. It was all too strange.

Then the present came back to him. For a moment he forgot his brother, in thinking of his situation now. Gad! but it was lonesome. Around him there was a stillness with which he could not fail to be impressed. Never before had he felt the silence so intensely. The weird atmosphere seemed to take hold of him and breathe itself into his very being. He felt himself a part of the place.

"So this is the Dismal Swamp!" he muttered, almost afraid to speak aloud in the tense darkness. "Poor 'lost colony'! No wonder you disappeared if you came to a place like this. That reminds me," he added, "Will was greatly interested in the 'lost colony.' He knew it was connected with this place. I wonder if he can be dead, and if it is his spirit I feel, and his face I saw in the smoke? No, Will can't be dead. I wish he were here. The 'lost colony' would be even more interesting to him. But I must not think of such things."

He stood up. Immediately, there came to him, like a cry for help, the most agonizing sound he had ever heard. It was the long, mournful call of a whippoorwill.

"The cry of a lost soul," Irvin whispered.

A deathlike stillness reigned for a time. Then, again, the silence was broken by the same pitiful cry.

"I'm going to find that thing," exclaimed Irvin. And snatching up a burning stick from the fire, he set out, following the mournful sound which issued from the depths of the Dismal Swamp. Again there came flitting across his mind the old tradition of the early colonists, that the whippoorwill's crying is that of a lost soul wailing for its mate.

"I must find that bird—or whatever it is," Irvin murmured.

Onward he went through what seemed to him to be the darkest, and certainly the dreariest place in the world. Again the bird uttered its sad note, this time nearer. His thoughts were a jumble of the "lost colony," Will, and the bird. He did not stop to wonder how they could have any connection.

He plunged on through the darkness, stumbling in mire and falling through the thick undergrowth of the dense woods, possessed all the while with that peculiar feeling of unreality. Behind a veil of clouds appeared the face of the full moon, like a shroud. Suddenly the young man found himself in a clearing in the midst of the woods. A clearing in the Dismal Swamp! It added all the more to the unreality. The bird must be near, for he could almost

feel its presence. His breath began to come in short, quick gasps.

In the clearing Irvin could see mounds like graves, with a big, jagged-looking tombstone here and there to mark them. And there, on top of the largest tombstone he could distinguish, in the ghostly moonlight, the crouching whippoorwill. And again the bird poured forth that heart-rending cry of a lost soul calling in hopeless agony a mate who has gone to another world. After each agonizing call, Irvin could hear a low sob, as if each cry must be its last. The man stood petrified; the icy claw of fear held his very soul in an unbreakable grasp. A dark cloud covered the moon, like the lid of a black coffin suddenly closed; with a final choking sob the whip-poor-will ceased calling. But still through the oppressing darkness Irvin saw its glaring eyes. There seemed to be in its glance all the hate, the fury, and the vengeance of a soul condemned.

Through the stillness of the night there came a noise, very slight, yet loud enough to penetrate the almost tangible silence. Quickly turning his eyes from the weird bird which he now could see plainly—the moon had come from behind the coffin-like cloud—he glanced toward the spot whence issued the sound. A cold shudder passed over him; he could not move. A figure was approaching; it was a man. Gradually Irvin regained his composure, for, indeed he was not of a cowardly nature, and had never known fear of man.

As the figure neared him, Irvin seemed to notice something familiar about the face, although its features were almost hidden behind a thick, un-

kempt growth of beard. Still Irvin was puzzled. But out of his perplexity came the realization that the person recognized him, for there was a smile upon the lips, which seemed too oversized to open. At last came the glad shout, "Irvin!"

Startled, Irvin looked more closely. Could it be—his brother?

"Is it you, Will?" he gasped, unbelievably. For answer the unkempt figure clasped him lovingly. Then, in a single moment, in that fond meeting, all wrongs and all evil thoughts were erased forever.

"But, Will, how came you here—this ghastly place—these graves?" But even as he spoke, the bright light of the moon fell upon the clearing and showed the "graves" to be only carefully cut and split trunks of the huge trees which had been growing there; and the tombstones to be only the jagged stumps of the fallen trees. The mysterious whippoorwill had flown, and Irvin was again living in a world of reality.

"Why Irvin, my dear brother, I came for a most foolish reason. I was here in the swamp this afternoon looking for signs of the 'lost colony.' Having decided to camp here, I was sitting by my fire when I heard the uncanny call of that whippoorwill, and somehow I just had to follow it; you see that it led me to this old clearing which I started to make for a cabin.

* * *

Many years have slipped by since that memorable night. Will and Irvin are now the closest of pals; and even yet, when they hear the mournful cry of a whippoorwill, their hands meet in a firm, warm grasp, and they smile into each other's eyes.

On the Idiosyncrasies of Teachers

BLANCHE BLANTON

When I was very young and hadn't had much experience with teachers, I formed a theory about them. This theory, had it been stated in words, would have been somewhat like this: Teachers used to be like any other people but they were sent, while still young and pliable, to a place called a college, where they were made over. A college must be, I thought, some place rather like that to which mother took her last winter's dress to be made over, for when the teachers come back from college they aren't a bit like what they used to be, except that they are the same color.

This idea of mine about teachers changed long ago, but not until I studied psychology could I say that I really and truly understood them. Since I have been making a psychological study I have

gone into the inner recesses of their minds and brought to light hitherto unsuspected reasons for some of their idiosyncrasies. My task has not been easy, for, fearing to form generalizations too hastily, I have not stopped with studying a few teachers but have studied many.

I am sure that my students will thank me for explaining why teachers object to everything which gives their pupils pleasure, for I too used to puzzle gloomily over this. In fact, I started to wondering the first day I went to school. On the Sunday before I started my mother gave me a penny to carry to Sunday School, but as I felt that, since I was old enough to start to school, I was old enough to manage my own financial affairs, I bought a stick of chewing gum the next day and

took it to school with me. This gum made a great many boys and girls envy me, but it also brought me enemies for I refused to let anyone else chew it. So you can imagine their delight when the teacher made me throw it in the waste basket. Salty tears sprang to my eyes but I was more mystified than hurt at such behaviour. How was I to know that the only reasons for her making me throw out my chewing gum was that she could not stand to watch me joyously chewing when she could not go through the same performance, just because it wouldn't be quite worthy of her dignity?

And then I never could understand why teachers objected to their pupils' taking a little snooze between times to change classes, for it certainly keeps them from doing all the other things that teachers object to. In the minds of all the teachers I found a lurking dread that sometime the President of the college would come in and find the whole class peacefully sleeping while she lectured and expounded in vain. Then, of course, she would lose her position because of failure to keep her pupils amused.

No teacher was ever able to convince me that it is wrong to write notes in class, and I am not convinced yet that it is the violation of any law

or rule except the Golden Rule. It took every little work to find that seeing notes passed arouses curiosity in the minds of the teachers, for it is already well-known that teachers are very "curious" people anyhow. After finding out so much, I realized that still the task remained to me to find out why they always take notes away from their pupils. This was not so easy, but at last I discovered that each had heard the old saying, "curiosity killed a cat," and had felt much anxiety lest, if her curiosity were not satisfied, she would meet the same fate. No one wants to die any death soon and especially not the death of a cat.

But do I hear someone ask, "Why do teachers make their pupils work so hard?" This is one of the questions of the day which many have attempted to answer and have not. I have at last found the correct answer, which no one—not even teachers themselves—will dare contest. Teachers are only weak human beings for all they pretend to be otherwise. So they are subject to human weaknesses and especially to one which all the world succumbs to—the desire for revenge. In their school days they were made to do things which they disliked to do. Now they say, "Vengeance is mine," and they take it out on their pupils.

A Circuit-Rider's Daughter

CATHERINE KEEVER.

Eighteen years ago I entered the Methodist ministry—not at a conference in some dignified church, but in an humble parsonage. It was not by my consent that I became a preacher's daughter. Sometimes I think that if they had asked me about it, I should have chosen a rich merchant for a father. Then I should never have had to wear handed-down dresses, live in houses on the wrong side of the street, or try to be good. At other times I would not have changed my circuit-rider father for any in the world.

I suppose that when people think of preachers' families, they picture something like gypsies. In fact, we do, have a roving spirit; if we don't inherit it, we soon acquire it. I left my first appointment when I was three months old, and have been moving every two or three years since. I used to cry every time my father returned from conference and said we would not move that year. When we did move, I was very glad. I don't believe I even regretted leaving my little friends until I was at least fifteen years old, and then I didn't mind it very much, because of the excitement.

No doubt it would surprise people to know that we had only three pieces of furniture—a piano, a sewing machine and a baby's chair. The good people realized that if we were to move so often, we

could not be burdened with so much furniture; and consequently they provided the parsonages with their heavy furniture. That was half the fun in moving—getting new furniture. Sometimes it wasn't new at all, even old enough to be "antique;" and then again it was really new and stylish. However, most of the time it was neither old nor new enough to be in style. Usually there was enough such as it was, but I have seen the time when I had to sleep in the bath tub when there was company. At one place the furniture was very scarce. When the Ladies' Aid met at the parsonage, instead of chairs, we rolled soap boxes and trunks into the best room for the ladies to sit on. Before the next meeting we had chairs.

Did you ever see a parsonage that had a shady porch in the afternoon? I used to wonder why none of them did. Then I learned, a few years ago, that the lots were cheaper on the sunny side of the street. Grey paint must not cost much either, for most parsonages are painted grey.

I used to say that when I got rich I was going to give a lot of money to build parsonages with shady porches and pretty furniture. Now I have decided that even if I were to have the luck to get rich, I'd leave things just as they are, so the other circuit-riders' daughters could have as much fun as I did.

Sickness---Drive Slow!

LAZELLE MITCHELL

"Grey, dear,

I've decided since our talk that we could never be happy together. I'm sorry, but you yourself admitted that you were selfish. Little did we think when we marked these words that they might be repeated of us:

'Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.'

Ever,
DAVID."

Grey folded the letter slowly. What could he mean—"loved so blindly?" He had told her before that she was selfish, but did he mean it? She could not believe it, yet she knew that it was true.

She pulled off the ring slowly and hesitatingly. Then she rose from her place by the window, walked to the dresser, and took out of the drawer a box. As she placed the ring in it a tear that she could not stop fell on the blue velvet lining. Ashamed that she should feel thus when he cared so little, she blushed, and tried to wipe off the stain, but she could not. She then placed the letter and box in the drawer.

For some time Grey was miserable. The days were monotonous—no delightful drives in the evening with David; no more tennis with him; and, worst of all, no more long conversations in the twilight about poetry and authors. Everything she saw reminded her of him. When she walked into the garden, there was a piece of ribbon off the last box of candy; she went into the dining room and there on the table were the roses he had brought on her birthday a few days ago; then when she walked into the parlor, there on the table lay a book of poems they had been reading. It was a new book and they had read only a few selections but even some of these were marked. First was the one David had closed his letter with. They had laughingly marked around it one night, "just for a variety," they said. Idly she turned the pages. Noticing another one with heavy marks around it, she read:

"All the breath and all the bloom
Of the year in the bag of one bee;
All the wonder and all the wealth
Of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and
the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine
Wonder, wealth, and how far above them
Truth that's brighter than gem,
Trust that's purer than pearl,

Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe
All were for me
In the kiss of one girl."

The *were* was marked through and over the top of it was written *are*. David had written it; then he had given her the best kiss since the night he proposed. As she thought of this, Grey's lip quivered, but she bit it hard and resolutely, closed the book and placed it in the book case.

As the days grew into weeks Grey realized that such brooding would never do. She also knew she had to have some kind of diversion. At first she was at a loss as to what to do. Finally her mother solved the problem. Unlike many wealthy mothers Mrs. Shirley wanted her daughter to be of some good in the world. She proposed that Grey try welfare work. At first the idea was not a very striking one to the unhappy girl, and just as she was on the verge of saying, "No," she thought of David's letter. Selfish? Yes, she was. Well, David Keith could never from that day say she was selfish.

"Fine," she told her mother. "I'll bet Gladys will be surprised when she finds that I of all people have decided to go into her work."

As a result of this decision she enlisted as a slum worker down on "East Side," as the slum district of Rosemont was known.

Grey, much to her mother's surprise, as well as her own, became very much interested in her work. Not only her time did she give but her resources. Each morning when she left in her little blue roadster for the tenement house where she was stationed, she carried a basket of fruit or flowers or perhaps some pieces of clothing for some little child or unfortunate grown-up. Again, it would be books for the girls who were anxious to learn yet were compelled to work all day. Thus time passed—until giving became a part of her. Where once before had been in her heart selfishness and unrest there was now unselfishness and peace—the greatest peace that Grey had ever known. Only one thing was lacking and this she would not even admit to herself.

Soon she gained for herself the title of "The Angel of East Side," and she was really the idol of the poor people of the tenement. Many a mother fairly vowed that the "angel" had saved her baby's life by bringing it medicine, buying it milk daily, or carrying the tired mother and fretful baby out into the country for a breath of air. More often than not in her frequent drives around the town for medicine, she had some poor pale child by her side, making it happy for a while. All over East Side and Ruggles she organized clubs that would

help these people to live better and happier lives.

One day she had been holding a club meeting in Ruggles and was on her way to East Side to see a sick child. In the car beside her sat Glenn Pierce, one of the children from Ruggles that she had been teaching to read. As she drove through the town she was pointing out the letters and reading the words on all the signboards. At last Glenn began to pick out the signs and read them himself. When they passed through Delmo Park, one of the prettiest residential sections of Rosemont, Grey noticed that the beautiful old house known as "The House in the Grove," that had been closed so long was now open. People were moving in. While she was noticing this, Glenn's eye caught a new kind of signboard and he asked Miss Shirley to read it for him. It was as follows: "Sickness—Drive Slow;" and it indicated the "House in the Grove."

More sick people! Who could that be? These signs that a year before she had boasted held no interest for her were now a constant source of amusement. Probably this was some "poor little rich boy" who was dying for lack of play and outdoor exercise. Again, perhaps it was a rich old lady who wanted to spend her last days in the mountains. Whoever they were, Grey knew that she was interested in them.

Never before had anything so simple caused her so much worry. She realized that it was silly to think so much about it, yet somehow she couldn't close out the thought of the child's or the old lady's suffering.

One afternoon, as she drove all the way around Delmo Park to her home, just for a glimpse of some one who lived there, she was rather disappointed that there was not a sign of life about the old house. Then she glanced up at the large old sleeping porch, and there on the right side Grey saw a rolling chair, but try as she might she could see nothing except a sleek black head over the back of the chair. She could tell nothing of what manner of person it was—whether an old lady or a tall child; a young man or a girl.

So instead of satisfying her curiosity this glimpse only intensified it. She was more determined than ever to find out who the person was. Going to the florist, who was an old friend of her father's she ordered a huge bunch of roses to be sent to 217 Hillview Avenue.

"Will you send your card?" asked the florist.

"No, not this time. I will next time. When Jack delivers these flowers have him do his best to find out who is sick there. I know it sounds like the craziest idea a girl ever had, but I feel as if I'd like to know who it is just because they live in our old home."

Grey was "on pins" until the next day. But when she visited the florist again, he only said, "Well,

Grey, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but Jack didn't find out a thing except that the sick person is young. He thinks most probably it's a young woman since the mother said something about 'Davie.' Jack seems to think that no man would tolerate being called by that name. Another point he has on his side is that he had a girl one time named 'Davie,' so he knows it's a girls' name."

Grey was quite relieved when she discovered that it was a girl. Now she needn't hesitate about sending her things. In a few days she would pay her a visit. Today she decided that Davie should have a basket of fruit and also the flowers. Into the basket of fruit she put a card bearing these words: "From one little girl who used to be sick in that house to another little girl who is sick there now."

The next day she varied the present. Instead of the regular flowers and fruit she sent a box of candy and a book. The book was the one she and David had been reading, and since it always brought a pang to her heart, she decided that it was better out of sight.

In the big "House in the Grove" sat a very impatient Davie. This young person had the idea that sickness was very annoying. When Grey's fruit and flowers came the mother of the "House in the Grove" was at once asked to go to the florist and demand the name of the donor, but this the worthy lady refused to do. Then came the book. If you had been there you might have seen it tremble slightly as if the reader had a faint recollection of something quite disturbing. Davie turned the pages rather aimlessly until the book almost automatically fell open at a place where the words were marked:

"Brightest love, purest trust in the universe,
All were for me
In the kiss of one girl."

Had you been able to read the thoughts of the reader as one sees a moving picture, you might have seen something like this: A young man seated on a chair reading from a book of poems; on the arm of the chair sat a girl, her head resting on his shoulder; her lips were parted with pure love and joy as he read to her these words. Then you'd have seen him give her a kiss that he could no more resist than he could resist breathing.

"Oh, what a fool I was!" Davie muttered.

Perhaps this is why the sister of the big house was requested to find the name of this benevolent friend, at any price.

When she went to her friend, the florist, the next time, he told her of the girl who had been there concerning the name of the giver of those flowers.

"And did you tell me?" she asked.

"No, sir-ee-e. I don't usually break my word to

a lady for no more cause than that. But she left a letter for you 'from the patient.' The old gentleman handed her a sealed envelope.

"Dear unknown friend,

I have enjoyed this delightful mystery to the fullest extent, but now that I am almost well, won't you come yourself, sometime?"

"Now that's not a bad idea," she told her mother. "Why not try it?"

Accordingly the next day, a slick blue roadster drove up the long driveway to the "House in the Grove." A charming young woman alighted and climbed the broad steps to the front porch. When she rang the bell a maid told her that the young man and his mother were expecting her.

"Young man? What have I done now?" she thought. Grey followed the maid up to the sun-parlor where the patient was seated in a rolling

chair. As she spoke Davie turned around. And there sat—could it be?—David!

"David!" she said slowly.

"Grey!" he said at the same time.

Then they both laughed softly.

* * * *

It is twilight. They are both seated by an open window—he in his rolling chair, she on a low stool by his side. One of her hands is held in both his. Look—did we not see a tiny sparkle about her third finger? Now he looks down at her.

"Grey, are you perfectly happy?"

Then with a light of perfect peace and love she looks up at him as the twilight closes in about them and the first star peeps out.

My Music Rack

CLARICE BOWMAN.

Yes, I love to talk about my music rack, even though it exists only in fancy. In my mind's eye I enjoy picturing the arrangement of the musical selections of which I am most fond on the shelves of my imaginary music rack—it gives a feeling akin to day-dreaming. For is there not the satisfaction that comes from a sense of complete ownership? My music rack is different from those of others—it is more nearly ideal. I can change it at will; just as I am free to choose my music I am free to plan my rack. One reason why I must trust to my imagination for my music rack is that I would never be able to make a collection, materially, of all the selections I would have in it; I can place on my imaginary music rack borrowed selections, or even some things of which I have never seen the music. One advantage in not having a real music rack is that I don't have to be always dusting and keeping the music in order.

My music rack usually has six shelves. I say "usually" because sometimes when I am not in a very charitable mood I omit my beginners exercises and those difficult pieces over which I have labored so hard that they bring back unpleasant memories. But if my music rack be complete these must be given an honorary place. I have put them, then, on my first shelf, because—well, the beginning should be first. I remember well how I used to loathe practicing "Virgil's First Exercises for the Pianoforte;" and how many times I have lost (hidden, to be honest) "Schmidt's Exercises" as soon

as one music lesson was over, not to find it until the next. Then, too, Pischna and Czerny must be given credit for helping to cause my unhappiness. I have also placed on this shelf my first real "pieces" over which I was childishly but properly thrilled; among them are the "Etudes" and "Edelweiss Glide Waltz."

On my second shelf are selections which I wholly enjoy—music expressive of a light-hearted and happy mood. Whenever Dame Fortune bestows some unlooked-for happiness, I go to my music rack, shelf number two, for its expression. First, there's Rubinstein's "Melody in F," then Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and Schubert's "Moment Musical." These seem to arouse in me the same feelings that I get from the reading of "L'Allegro."

I am very fond of my third shelf. It is like a faithful friend, who is always ready to serve. I go to it often because I need the soothing and refreshing power of its music. Although I cannot really play with interpretation the music on this shelf except when I am in the mood to feel the delicate sweetness of it, yet, no matter how I feel at the beginning, the playing of such selections as "Simple Aveu," "Barcarolle," and "Sextette from Lucia" will usually put me in a more cheerful and charitable frame of mind, and will enable me to play with more feeling the deeper music.

But my fourth shelf is my favorite; and it is the most sacred—the "holy of holies," so to speak. I would not dare play the music belonging to this

shelf except when I am in a suitable mood, and when my thoughts and feelings will harmonize with the music. I have placed here only those selections which have a real, a vital message to the soul and which seem to impart a deeper meaning to life itself. I can play these best at twilight more reverently, more feelingly—they seem to belong to the evening hush. In “Warblings at Eve” I can almost hear.

“The Nightingale that from the blooming spray
Warblest at eve when all the woods are still.”

Just at sunset when the misty blue of the twilight begins to envelop the earth, and the stars begin to twinkle in the sky, then only is it fitting to play Wagner’s “To the Evening Star,” as

“Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
angels.”

Then I turn to dear old “Humoresque.” It is an old friend, and a very dear one. Each time I play it I discover in it some new depths of hidden meaning. “Humoresque” has given me inspira-

tion for many a theme or speech. Then, I love “Traillmeri” for the sweet feeling of repose and consolation it brings. But no song is so fraught with meaning and with delicate emotions as is “Schubert’s Serenade.” It is my deepest, my sincerest friend. Somehow, when I hear its lovely strains my heart is enkindled beyond words. But I must not linger here too long.

There is on my fifth shelf music which comes unbidden to my fingers—music which, although it is more familiar, I never tire of playing. “Some-
weher a Voice is Calling,” “One Fleeting Hour,” “The Rosary,” and “The End of a Perfect Day” are gems in my collection.

Last, on my sixth shelf is my musical Bible—hymns and religious songs that I love particularly because Mother and Father love them. The mere mention of their names is sufficient to bring a flood of memories and emotions. A few of the many are: “Nearer, My God to Thee,” “Rock of Ages,” “Abide With Me,” “Saved By Grace,” “Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,” and “Golden Bells.”

I have never before pictured so completely my music rack in conjecture. I have experienced much the same joy from describing this child of my fancy as one gets from looking over the pages of an old scrapbook.

Dawn, Day, Dusk

HELEN MURPH

First rays of morning light reveal
Bright flowers bathed in dew;
The rugged mountains far away,
So lately hid from view
By misty veils, proud lift their heads
To skies of heavenly blue.

First lingeringly grey Dawn advances,
But she must haste away,
For following close with eager steps
To mount the throne of Day,
There comes a King with golden crown
And glittering array.

In splendor, peace, and joy he reigns,
Majestic and alone,
Until the silent shadows creeping
Soft whisper, “Day is done;”
And with the first bright star of eve,
Dusk comes into her own.



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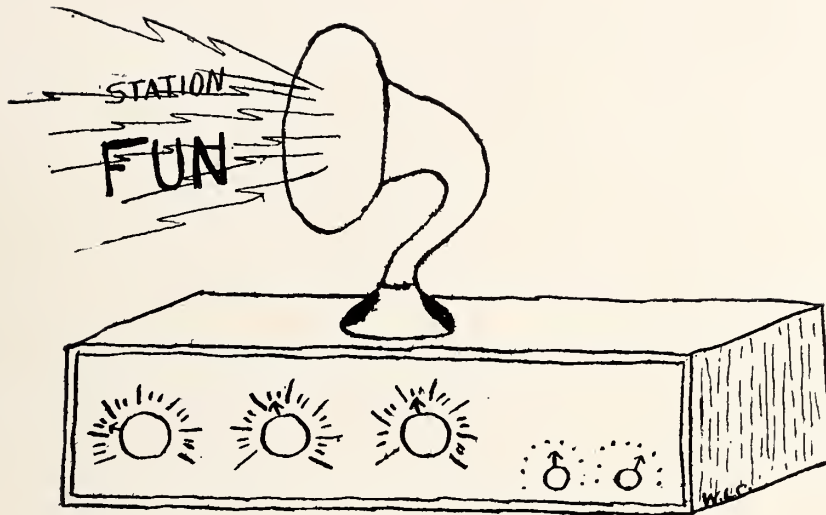


LIB VAN DYKE
CUTEST
BEST ALL-ROUND



AGNES SMITH
PRETTIEST

Echoes From the Air



Georgia: "Every night for the past year I've been writing down my thoughts."

Roberta: "You don't say? Then you must have nearly a page full by now!"

Kathleen (entering Davenport after Christmas): "Bill, are you a member of the Student Council?"

Bill Washam: "No, but I'm a regular attendant."

Ora: "I haven't slept any for days!"

Frances: "What the matter—been sick?"

Ora: "No, I sleep at night."

Miss Umstead (in chemistry): "If this chemical explodes I will be blown through the roof. Girls, come up close, so you can follow me."

Louise: "At least once in my life I was glad to be down and out."

Bess: "And when was that?"

Louise: "After my trip in an airplane."

Jean (at basketball game): "I'd like to meet that good-looking guard."

Coach: "Oh, he's forward!"

Jean: "Think nothing of that! We've had practice. The Duke boys were here last week."

Agnes Kale (desperate over a French verb): "Father, please set it on fire!"

Nell: "What are you talking about? Are you crazy?"

Agnes: "No, but the council said I must not say 'Dad burn it.'"

Vital Statistics

<i>Most Campused</i>	Cleta Black
<i>Loudest</i>	Mildred Mullis
<i>Quietest Walker</i>	Dot Wagg
<i>Quietest Talker</i>	Georgie Sherrill
<i>Biggest Flirt</i>	Eunice Query
<i>Boldest</i>	Ruth Huneycutt
<i>Most Retiring</i>	Helen Saunders
<i>Most Athletic</i>	Vallerie Duke
<i>Laziest</i>	Blanche Blanton
<i>Most Ambitious</i>	Nita White
<i>Most Dramatic</i>	Anna Pines Howell
<i>Most Indifferent</i>	Lib Van Dyke
<i>Biggest Baby</i>	Billy Weaver
<i>Biggest Man-Hater</i>	Rachael Godfrey
<i>Most Reserved</i>	Kat Hartsell
<i>Most Obliging</i>	Betty Jo Thompson
<i>Most Awkward</i>	Alice Dickenson
<i>Most Dignified</i>	Emma Dobbin
<i>Most Conceited</i>	Mary Bertha Cordell
<i>Most Serious</i>	Burkett Kibler
<i>Most Studious</i>	Bill Washam
<i>Most Punctual</i>	Mr. Jenkins

Beans

(With many apologies)

Out of Davenport kitchen the beans come tumbling:
Great beans, small beans, lean beans, brown beans,
Brown beans, black beans, white beans, tawny
beans,

Grave old black peas, gay young butter beans,
Soup beans, dried beans, canned beans, chili beans;
Fathers, mothers, uncles and cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Come into the dining room to save our lives!

"Tres Bien"

Nita took a little nap,
In class one fine Spring day,
And slept and snored there in her seat,
In a very blissful way.

Miss Rethlingshafer, learned prof.,
Expounding thus and so,
Did chance upon this sleeping maid,
To see what she did know.

Said dignified Professor R.,
"Now say, if you can knowledge boast,
What answer, Nita, in our schools,
Do students give the most?"

Poor Nita woke and vainly tried
To bring her thoughts from far;
She said, "I do not know."
"Correct," then said Miss R.

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Very pathetic—has heart interest.

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